

## The World.

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## ESCAPING THE JUDGMENT.

If the Roosevelt Administration had been made fairly and squarely the issue in this campaign, what percentage of the voters would have been arrayed in its support? That Administration is committed to every distinguishing error of its party and to many excesses that are all its own.

In its partnership with the privileged plutocrats of the tariff and the trusts; in its extravagance; in its defense of imperialism and foreign adventure; in its opposition to the income tax, and in its refusal to provide for publicity in the matter of campaign contributions, it has adhered doggedly to ancient party evils. In its violence and lawlessness; in its favoritism toward selected interests and persons; in its glorification of war; in its attacks upon the courts, and in its despotic methods generally, it has followed new impulses that have been peculiar to itself.

There is hardly one of these things, old or new, that has the sanction of a considerable number of the American people. Most of them are hateful to men of every political faith. Few of them are defended or justified any longer even by those who have profited by them. They are all wrong, and admittedly wrong. Yet we have heard little of them during the campaign, and the prospect is that the most vulnerable Administration in the history of the Republic will pass without trial, without conviction and without judgment.

## THE RIGHT TO BE BOUNCED.

There is one phase of parliamentary government in England with which we in America are happily unfamiliar. We do not have to interrupt the proceedings of our lawmakers to drag out somebody kicking and screaming. We do not have our heated dialogues between the gentleman from New York and the gentleman from Mississippi interrupted by the appearance of a lot of shrieking women whose only purpose is to get themselves expelled while they bite and scratch and yell. Our halls of legislation are not invaded by persons with a grievance whose ambition is satisfied if they upset a few benches, tip over several ink bottles and bruise the shins of various sergeants-at-arms.

Parliament did not make many laws last week, but its bouncers threw four or five disorderly delegations into the street and then by way of good measure ejected one right honorable member, who howled and clawed and kicked in regulation fashion while the ceremony was in progress. Having no written constitution, the British Empire rests upon precedents, and one of these appears to guarantee to every loyal subject the right to be fired bodily from the House of Commons at least once in a lifetime.

## PRESCRIBING FOR BUSINESS.

Business, which has had a hard time of late and which is disposed to look reproachfully upon politics and politicians, will be pained to note that young Mr. Beveridge, Senator from Indiana, is about to prescribe for it. He believes that it needs something bracing, and although he approves of the drastic treatment that it has received in the past, he has various stimulants and tonics which he will ask Congress at its next session to use upon the patient. It is easy to see that this is likely to lead to vigorous remonstrance. Business has some misery in its bones even now, and it would be glad if the doctors, young and old, would give it a chance to recuperate. In its present condition it is a good subject for those practitioners who employ mental science in preference to clubs.

## THIN IN SPOTS.

Even though some of them are made to be broken, promises are not such bad things. They at least show what a man thinks he ought to do or what he thinks others expect of him. A promise is a pledge, and, whether kept or broken, it usually refers to an ideal which is believed to be desirable. Men with ideals are in demand now as always, but Mr. Chanler expects to be elected Governor of New York on no such basis. In his Long Island speeches he said several times: "I will not make promises that cannot be kept." The trouble is that he makes few or no promises that can be kept. He is running for office simply as Mr. Chanler, and unfortunately for him and his party Mr. Chanler is not yet a character big enough to spread from Montauk to Niagara without showing pretty thin in spots.

## TROUBLE FOR BRIDEGROOMS.

An advanced preacher in Boston announces that hereafter he will perform the marriage ceremony for no one afflicted with consumption or for any man who earns less than \$12 per week. This is a free country and he can do as he pleases. There are other ministers, and if they fail there are the justices of the peace. But why bar so few? Some people object to drinking men, profane men, round-shouldered men and men who wear sack coats with silk hats. Then there are women—but perhaps it will be as well to say nothing about the women. There is going to be trouble ahead for young men, however, if, after running the gantlet of the bride's family, they find it necessary to satisfy the hygienic, financial and other scruples of the parson also.

## Letters From the People.

"Incomprehensibility" Is One.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Readers, can any of you find a longer word than "Krahenheulenstien," which, according to an encyclopedia, is a city or town of Germany? This word contains seventeen letters, which is the longest word I have yet seen. I found this word while looking up the name of a German pupil orator and satirist who was born there. This should interest readers. Is there any longer word?

HENRY R. B.

Who Said "Suffragette"?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Who gave to the workers for woman's suffrage that belittling and contemptuous name "suffragette"? The one who did must have wanted to stir the

movement or gain a little credit for originating something and, whether in or out of the movement, should be shown the same contempt that the word is calculated to bring on the movement. Makes one think of "pantaloons" and all those things of inconspicuous childhood.

SARAH F. NORTON,

THE N. Y.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Was Capt. Singhee on board the Maine when she was blown up in Havana Harbor on Feb. 15, 1898?

What salary does a United States Senator receive?

R. C.

## The Yellow Peril.

By Maurice Ketten.



## Mr. Jarr Hears That Mr. Stryver Has Gone and Hired a Valet.

Mrs. Jarr Says Mr. Jarr Needn't Hire One—He Married One.

By Roy L. McCarrell.



"WELL, wonders will never cease!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I came near laughing out in her face when she told it to me, but, of course, I didn't, and yet it seems strange to me that everybody is talking about hard times and yet those people seem to be just rolling in money and the less other people have the more they have. Of course I don't begrudge them, and the only way to get along with rich people is not to ask them for anything, and, anyway, I think myself as good as she is and wouldn't take anything from her if she offered it to me, and she knows better, and, anyway, I couldn't wear her clothes, even if I would demean myself to accept them if she offered them to me, because she's just forty-four and everybody I know would know whose dresses they were, and, anyway, she gives them to her maid, who sells them to the second-hand dealers, but the idea of that man! The idea!"

"Now that you have paused for breath, will you kindly tell me what you are talking about and whom you are talking about and are you talking about a man or a woman or both?" asked Mr. Jarr, very slowly and deliberately.

"Why, you know who I am talking about," said

Mr. Jarr. "I'm talking about those Stryvers, and the money they have and the silly things they do with it. Not that they'd give anything to anybody, they're too selfish! But when she told me that, as I was trying to explain to you, I could hardly keep a straight face!"

"What did she tell you?" asked Mr. Jarr. "You need hide the fateful secret no longer! Trust me, little one, and all will be well!"

"Oh, stop your nonsense!" said Mrs. Jarr testily. "You think you are funny. Haven't I been telling you that Mr. Stryver has a valet?"

"Well, why shouldn't he if he has the money. I'd like to have one, or have the money to, said Mr. Jarr. "His wife has a maid, hasn't she?"

"Yes, but the idea of that common man having a valet—the idea is ridiculous!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I don't care how much money I had I wouldn't be so silly!"

"Oh, yes you would," said Mr. Jarr. "If we had the money we'd go live some place else and cut all our old friends and travel in Europe and try to get in with people who didn't want to have anything to do with us, and you'd have Paris dresses and hats and a maid, and I'd have a man—we'd just do like everybody else that has money."

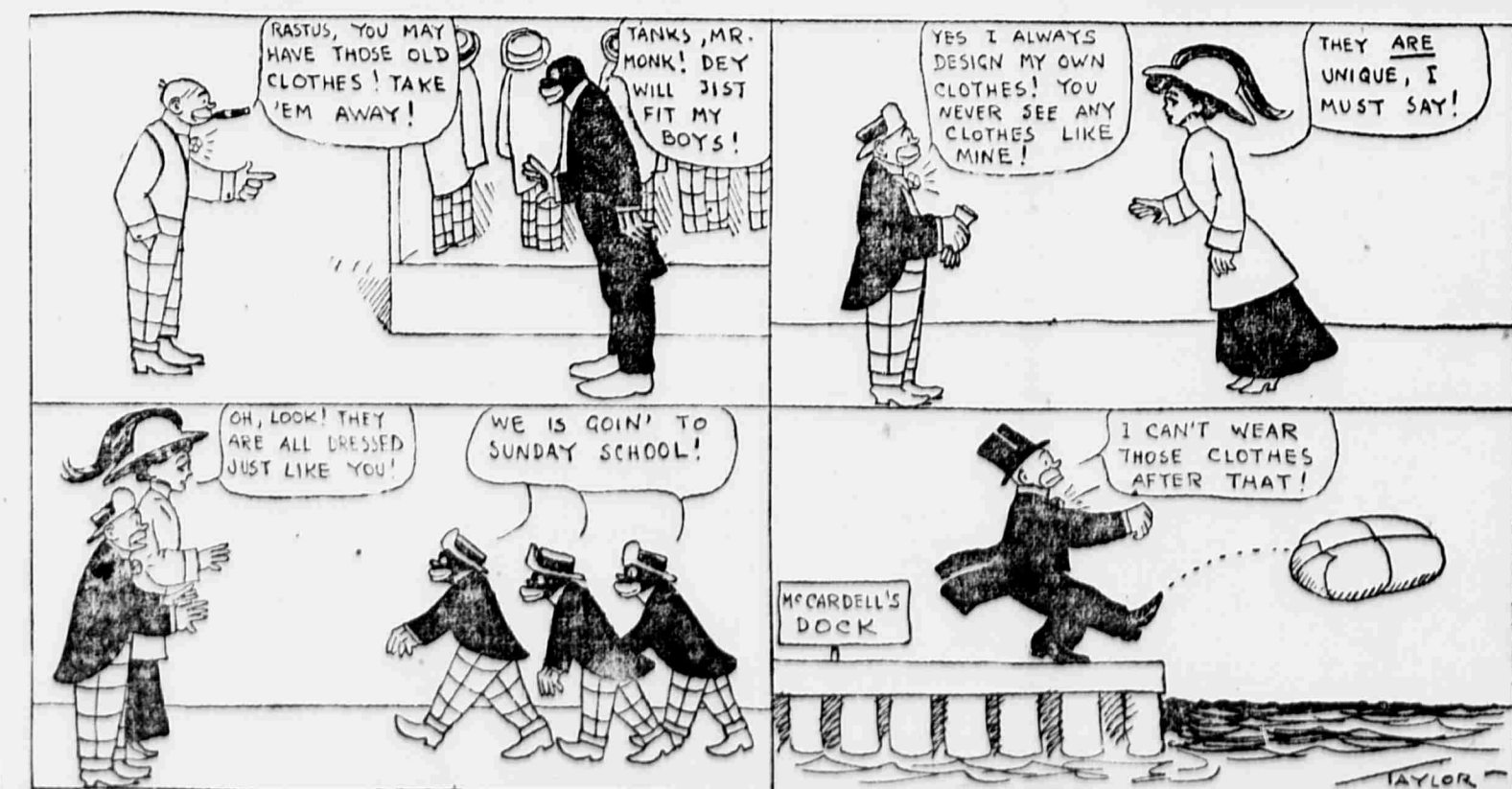
"I would not," said Mrs. Jarr. "I might take a nice town house and have a country place and get some good clothes, because I do need clothes, and I might have a maid and get a governess for the children, but I wouldn't go back on my old friends."

"Yes, you would; your old friends wouldn't interest you any longer," said Mr. Jarr.

"I don't see any use quarrelling about it," said Mrs. Jarr, with a sigh. "We'll never have the money, but I

## The Million Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



## Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.

TRANSLATED

By Helen Rowland.



V ERILY, my Daughter, three things a man hateth—even these three:

1. A house in which the furniture is too fine to be sat upon and the chairs too good to hold his feet.

2. A woman who attempteth to convince him that he is wrong—and succeedeth in doing it.

3. To be found out.

Yea, and a fourth thing and a fifth he despiseth: for a weeping woman is unto her husband as a spot that leaveth and maketh a distracting noise; even as a sponge that scratcheth or a collar with a raw edge is she unto him.

For while a woman's first tear may touch a man, her second boreth him, and the rest, as a wet rag on a starched shirt bosom, rumpleth up his temper.

But a lady conversationalist is as a fire that sputtereth and he fleeth in terror before the sparks of her wit. She striketh him dumb—but not with admiration. For in conversation, as in life, a man wanteth only an audience, and hankereth for his own move as in a game of checkers.

Verily, she who hath studied the ologies and discourseth thereon is as a foolish child beside her who asketh a man questions concerning himself. For a man that talketh of books and politics and new thought wearieth wial; but a man that talketh of himself never threth.

Yea, my Daughter, there are but two ways round a man: one leadeth through his vanity and the other through his fear; or while a woman may bully her way over him, she can smile her way straight through him.

And the blonde of the chorus knoweth this. She weareth always the smile that won't come off! Selah!

## Enduring Love Not Exacting.

By Helen Oldfield.



N OWADAYS it is the fashion to say that no man ever really understands any woman. Doubtless, in the majority of cases, the assertion is true, although, like most sweeping generalities, it has many exceptions. But with equal truth it also may be said that only the fewest number of women ever understand a man; the woman who attains such knowledge is clever, or at least shrewd to a degree, and usually, if she have opportunity, makes her mark in the world. Not only sex, but ages of training and tradition combine to make the masculine and feminine point of view radically different.

The true inwardness of the matter, however, lies beyond even this. No two persons (man or woman) being actually identical in their tastes and idiosyncrasies, it is impossible for any two thoroughly to know each other, and even those of our own household, who naturally might be expected to think as we do, continually surprise us by words and deeds which are wholly unforeseen.

It is an error to be too exacting with those who love us; the better way is to accept them as they are and to endeavor to find and to strengthen the divinity which the Hindoo vedas teach us dwells in all men. The coat too strictly cut by our pattern may cramp and chafe the wearer overmuch, and sympathy, love, faith and patience are the surest keys to thorough understanding of our fellow man and woman.

It may seem a hard saying, yet it is true that comparatively few married couples do not find themselves more or less disappointed in their fond expectations of each other. Not only are men and women different in many respects, but the relations of marriage and courtship by no means are the same. No human being is perfect, and life with even the best of men or women necessarily must be a continual series of concessions and promises.

"Be to my virtues more than kind."

"Be to my faults a little blind."

Is a petition which we all have need daily to offer to our nearest and dearest. Such sympathy and forbearance are part of love's being; from the beginning it hath been told us that love is blind to the faults of the beloved. The love which lasts through good and through evil report is of the sort which

"When strangers approach thee with blame"

"Will cover thy fault with his kisses and love thee the same."

Beyond doubt there would be fewer matrimonial disappointments if all who marry would resolve to see only good in each other and steadfastly live up to that resolve.—Chicago Tribune.

## Is the Home Disappearing?

By Rheta Childe Dorr.

ONE woman in five in the United States has abandoned the domestic life and has become a wage earner. Even this does not accurately state the situation. In country districts only two women out of every eleven are at work, but in cities—that is, wherever industrial opportunities are present, two women out of every seven are at work, nearly one-third of the total woman population. How far the father of the family has ceased to be the sole supporter thereof is shown in the statistics gathered in twenty-seven cities and tabulated by the Census Bureau. The total number of women at work in the twenty-seven cities is 994,956. Of these 173,000 are boarding or living in the families of their employers. Out of the remaining 821,956 women at work, says Rheta Childe Dorr, in *Household Magazine*, 38,861 are supporting the family, and between 218,415 and 523,944 are contributing to the family income. Remember that these are city workers and represent nearly one-third of all the women in those cities. At last accounts the number of women in industry was increasing faster than the birth rate. How long will it be before the home, except for rich people, will be as obsolete as stage coaches, hoopskirts and merry Christmas?

## Magic of the Political Orator.

By John T. McCutcheon.

AN expert political speaker can make a two-hour speech and never say a thing that he has to take back. He can wave Old Glory until the atmosphere is curdled with enthusiasm. He can hypnotize an audience into thinking that he has made a marvellous speech, and yet no one will remember a word that he has said. He can weave a word picture that will make you think of the singing of birds and the tinkling of falling water, but blaméd if you can tell what it's all about beyond the fact that you must rush headlong and vote for the Hon. James J. Higgins for State Senator. He can make a German vote for an Irishman, and nearly vice versa. He can paint the wicked trusts in such a vivid and startling way that you must resolve never to use a match again or eat food that has sugar in it. He tempers his public utterances to fit the prevailing opinion. He diagnoses the direction of the wind, and trims his sails accordingly. The speeches he delivers to the brewers over across the tracks will not sound like the speech that he delivers at the Chautauqua meeting down at Cherry Grove—Applenton's.

## The Giant Lemon of Mexico.

IT is not regarded as a joke to be "handed a lemon" in some parts of Mexico, where this fruit grows to enormous size. To carry one of these monster lemons is no small task. These lemons do not bear shipment as well as those of the smaller variety, but they are in much demand in the localities where they are grown, says the Indianapolis News. They are full of juice, and one of the larger size has been known to afford enough acid for a whole barrel of lemonade. These gigantic lemons belong to a peculiar variety which was found growing wild in a remote part of Mexico several years ago. Specimens of the tree were obtained and introduced into other localities until the fruit is now becoming common. Experiments are now being made with the view of increasing the thickness of the rind and firmness of the fruit, with the view of giving the lemon more stable qualities for shipping purposes.

## THE DAY'S GOOD STORIES.

## The Unwise Conductor.

A PASSENGER on an Elm street car Tuesday afternoon drifted into politics with the conductor. "Yes," the conductor observed, "I've always voted the Republican ticket, but this year I'm going to vote for Bryan." "And why vote for Bryan?" the passenger inquired. "Because," the conductor explained, "when a party is in too long it's pretty apt to become corrupt. It don't do for anybody to have the same job too long. They're almost always sure to get into the grafting business."

"How long have you been working for

the street car company?" the passenger asked. "Oh, I've been with the company nearly five years and—"

But the passenger laughed so hard the conductor couldn't make his explanation heard.—Youngstown (O.) Telegram.

## No Doubt About Willie.

"W H Y, that's a regular little printing press, isn't it?" remarked the visitor.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Poppley. "Willie's uncle gave it to him on his birthday."

"What a complete little thing! It's self-inking, isn't it?" "I don't know, but Willie is."—Southwestern Book.